

LATE IN THE SEASON

tomatoes lining the windowsills,
the counter between the kitchen
and the room which leads to the
mud room, and even on the table,
around the lamp and the single
small cactus that's there.

they are from my father's
garden, and which i picked today
while visiting him and my mother.

i especially like this
period in a garden's life:
it is late in the season
and the garden is winding
down, you'd have to say, yet
it is also wildly bulging
with tomatoes, and string
beans are taken away

in bags. arugula
and potatoes are
crowding into every
meal. there's no end
to the garlic, shallots
and onions. today
my father was tilling
under a row that had
been planted with rye.
the rye had been
planted not only for
adding nutrients
to the soil, but
also as food for
the worms.
it's not seldom
that you'll hear him
boasting
about the
fatness of
his worms.

DINNER

for dinner we had arugula
and potatoes with pasta,
made with olive oil,
garlic and herbs.
of course the beautiful
salad and the peasant
bread were there.
while my mother
was preparing the
dinner i
talked with her
about my week.
she doesn't say
much when she's
working with food.
she gets lost
in her world.
and she appears
so small
at the stove.
her hair is
wispy and white,
and it looks
as though it
is going to
float away.
if she does
say something,
she says it
to whatever
she's holding
in her hand.